

INT. LA WEEKLY OFFICE - DAY

The 'corporate-yet-hip' offices of this lifestyle magazine. Arthur has hipped-up his wardrobe—kind of. He carries flowers, walking behind a Fed-Ex man, past the RECEPTIONIST.

RECEPTIONIST  
...can I help you?

ARTHUR  
I got it, thanks!

INT. EDITOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Flowers sit on the desk of the editor, JOEL, who glares. He shakes his head.

ARTHUR  
...but the Indians are still here, Joel. They've recapitulated their tribe, living off the river the way they did before the white man, fishing, hunting for duck...

HARRIED EDITOR  
Give me a break! Those ducks fly over from MacArthur Park.

Arthur paces, moving constantly. The walls are covered with memorabilia: James Dean, Madonna, Leonardo DeCaprio.

ARTHUR  
—and frogs, which are native. 'The Lost Tribe of FrogTown', recapitulating...

HARRIED EDITOR  
—would you stop with 'recapitulating'?!  
I don't know if you're patronizing the Indians or the bums.

The editor reaches down and pulls out a copy of the magazine: "The Hidden Catecombs of Disneyland!"

HARRIED EDITOR  
—but I do know, your last "investigative report" nearly got me fired, you fuck.

ARTHUR  
I got you on the evening news. You can't buy that kind of publicity!

Arthur's still pacing, unwilling to give up. Then, buried beneath the other posters, he spots something pink.

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HARRIED EDITOR

Next time you sneak in here bring me a whole list of ideas. Maybe...

ARTHUR

Fuck it!

He stalks behind the desk and yanks off flyers, revealing an aging pink movie poster. It's a Jack Kane flick: Silent Hero: Spaceman, a sci-fi sex comedy.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

You want saleable? How about "The Mysterious Death of Jack Kane."

HARRIED EDITOR

Twenty years ago maybe.

ARTHUR

So no one will sue. '70s kitsch is in. The man was killed with a "Mysterious-Blunt-Object".

Art sees a crack in the defence. The editor thinks about it.

HARRIED EDITOR

I've heard that story before...

ARTHUR

Yeah, but I know what the blunt object IS. And this time I can prove it. I'll give you a feature.

HARRIED EDITOR

It might be good for a sidebar...

Arthur SNAPS. Or maybe he just knows how to deal with this editor. It's impossible to tell.

ARTHUR

Joel, would you blow me?! What? You have a late-breaking story on Hollywood nightlife?! Your advertisers control you, Joel. If Sketchers runs a cover ad, you do a story on 'The Cultural Importance of the Shoe in South Central.' I've been to Compton, I didn't see any LA Weekly's there. But they're stacked up in Santa Monica, next to the trendy little eateries.

The editor raises a hand, silencing Art. He stares at the movie poster with increasing interest.

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HARRIED EDITOR

Like you have any morals left.

ARTHUR

I'm a writer, I create morals. I'll bring  
an outline for the feature next week.

HARRIED EDITOR

No promises. But see? Jack Kane. That's  
saleable.

Arthur nods, smiling, looking a little dead inside.